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MILLIONAIRE AND BAREFOOT BOY.

"I'm evening, and the round red sun slacks slowly in the west." The flowers told their petals up, the birds fly home. The crickets chirring in the grass, the bats fly to and fro. And the sparkle up the lane the lowing cattle go; And the rich fragrance his carriage looks on them as they come. On them the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home.

"I wish," the boy says to himself—"I wish that were he." And the boy mutters to himself, "I could give all my gold to change him into a prince, but I don't know if I could afford that." With a liver pad and a gouty toe, and scarce a single hair; To the right, the Roman nose, and far better than a pauper come— Far better is the barefoot boy that drives the cattle home.

"I am Miss Blair—not Mrs. Eustace," she said, in a low, contrived voice. "I did not know you at first, Mr. Fleming."

"Then it was not true that you were going to marry Eustace?" Valentine exclaimed, impulsively.

"It was true," she answered, steadily. "But, after my mother's death, the engagement was broken."

Then, then with quiet dignity and courtesy, she moved back, down the long room, motioned him to a chair, and sat down herself upon the couch by the window. She was very still; and he did not see the strain with which her slender hands clasped each other in her lap.

"I had not heard of your mother's death," he said presently. "Believe me, you have my deepest sympathy."

She looked at him in silence a moment. Then, "Thank you," she said, gently and seriously.

"I wrote to you," Valentine said solemnly. "I poured out all the love and pity I felt for you. I begged that I might see you, and, in return, you sent me stop, you shall see it. I have kept it all these years."

From his pocket-book he hurriedly drew forth a folded paper, and laid it in her hand. An old yellow half-sheet of note-paper she found, as she unfolded it, scrawled almost illegibly with a few penciled words, and bearing her initials in scarlet letters in the corner.

He watched her face while she read it; saw her color come and go; and saw her, at last, lift to his eyes that shone steadily, solemnly, with the light of truth.

"I did not write it. I never saw it before," she said; and then: "Who gave it to you?" she asked, quickly.

"Rose Delafield."

Valentine's lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, yes? There is not much to tell you. I came here, and studied painting. I had some little money of my own; I had some talent, my teachers said; and I have gotten on better than I hoped. There is room, you know, on the lower rounds of the ladder for a good many of us to sit quite comfortably." She looked up, with a brave, sweet little smile, as she said this.

"And have you been well—are you well now?" Valentine asked, earnestly.

"I have been ill this spring. The doctor says I have had a low fever. I think I have only been very lazy," she said, carelessly.

Valentine did not speak. He could not. It seemed so painful that she should be here—alone, desolate, ill—fighting her own battle with the world. And all these years he had been thinking of her as rich, prosperous, and happy.

"You have seen Rose—Mrs. Meredith—of course?" Valentine said, after a pause.

"Yes; I have been at her house. She has grown to be such a fashionable lady, that I scarcely knew her. By the way, do you never see her?" asked Valentine. "Does she not know of your being here?"

"Certainly. Did she not tell you I was here?" Valentine asked, looking up in surprise.

"No, I found you by accident. I was looking for the artist who painted a picture in—window; the grave covered with white violets. It reminded me of Courteney, do you remember that day in the old Fairfield garden? Building was not far away, but the gentleman chose to see the artist herself."

The gentle man did choose. Some vague, wild fancy prompted him: he wanted to own the picture; he wanted more—to know the artist. In a little while he reached the—Building, passed up the long stairs, and found No. 9. The door stood open. Probably the artist's name was on the door, but now his eyes were bent upon

her with passionate appeal, with unuttered reproach.

Her great eyes met his at the end of the long room, her face and figure distinctly outlined against the window, say Courtney Blair, or else her wrath. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her face might have been a spiritualized marble mask of the Courteney Blair of old—it was so still, so pure, so utterly colorless, and so unspeakably sad. Valentine stood looking at her, with the feeling we have sometimes in dreams, when astound things happen. We feel that it is a dream, and know we shall wake to the real world presently. It was only when the sound of the door, closing behind him, made her conscious of his presence, and she rose quickly and came towards him, that he seemed to awake.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" she asked quietly, as she came up the room and stood before him. "Courtney! Mrs. Eustace!" he stammered.

She stopped, with a little cry of amazement. A scarlet flush swept over her face, and was gone, leaving it white and set again.

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The gentle man did choose. Some vague, wild fancy prompted him: he wanted to own the picture; he wanted more—to know the artist. In a little while he reached the—Building, passed up the long stairs, and found No. 9. The door stood open. Probably the artist's name was on the

door; but Valentine did not look at it; for there just opposite him, at the end of the long room, her face and figure distinctly outlined against the window, say Courtney Blair, or else her wrath. She was a child—so mere, so utterly colorless, and so unspeakably sad. Valentine stood looking at her, with the feeling we have sometimes in dreams, when astound things happen. We feel that it is a dream, and know we shall wake to the real world presently. It was only when the sound of the door, closing behind him, made her conscious of his presence, and she rose quickly and came towards him, that he seemed to awake.

"I have not forgotten; but it is not you who should remind me of it." And he saw again a vivid flush staining the marble of her face.

Valentine rose from his seat, and stood looking down at her.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, slowly. "I beg your pardon, if I have offended you by speaking of that day. You asked me to forgive you. I am afraid I have not been generous enough to do so until now. If you care for my forgiveness, Courtney, it is yours."

Though heaven knows, you ruined my life by your caprice."

Courtney had turned again, and was looking at him, with that strange startled expression.

"I can't understand you," she said, hurriedly. "Why should I have asked you to forgive me? I never did. Caprice! It was worse than caprice—it was treachery: to pretend to love me, and then, when trouble came—sorrow and adversity—to be silent to forget me. Oh, how dare you remind me of it?"

She started up, with flashing eyes and heaving bosom, and turned away from him.

By his voice called her back.

"Courtney," he said, almost sternly, "we have made, somehow, a terrible mistake. Did you know what you were doing when you wrote me that note, four years ago, the day you heard of your father's illness—that last day at Fairfield?"

She looked at him in utter silence for a moment; then, in a slow, puzzled tone, she said:

"I did not write you a note. Why should I have done it? You went away, you did not even care to see me."

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See Webster's Unabridged, page 1164, giving the name of each word with the value of defining it.

Defining by Illustration. Webster uses the 12 words, *Bed, Boat, Column, Eye, House, Mouth, Pharmacy, River, Ship, Train, Tree*, (pages 1164 and 1165) Steam engine, Tim-

New Edition of Webster's has 118,000 Words, 3000 Illustrations, and 1000 Engravings, and Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

Webster's Standard. W. in Governor's Printing Office, 1881. Every State has Webster's Books in its Public Schools of the U. S. The Standard Edition of Webster's is over 20 times the size of the original Webster's. THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND have been published in the last year, and each new edition has become more and more *The Standard*.

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(To be continued.)

(Continued from last week.)

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For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Inflammation, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. To be sold by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.



SHIRTS AS LIFE-PRESERVERS.

Says the *Savannah (Ga.) Republican*: Many men burned in the fires by the explosion of gas owe their deaths to the fact that they had no protection against any sharp or other fire-proof dress for their bodies. Often it happens that an explosion of gas covers which would prove comparatively slight in its effects but for the great surface over which it burns extend. The treatment cures all the poisons of the skin over which it has been applied, there are no cases of the patient experiencing any symptoms of asphyxia—seems to be smothered to death. Even burns of slight depth, if inclosing a large surface of the body, almost invariably prove fatal. It is again the rule in many instances for the temperature to rise with the heat of the fire, and the number of fatal cases at least 60 per cent. There is great temptation to throw off clothing in some instances, especially those which are very deep, as the temperature rises one degree for every 50 feet in depth, and in many instances the air is heated beyond the chamber in which the person is confined.

In the end, down, and hence much of its valuable quality before reaching the limits of the mine. But where there is gas, stripping is dangerous. Many men were killed due to cutting of the sleeves of shirts and leaving them unbuttoned in the back.

A STORY OF "WILD BILL."

The survivor of Sitting Bull recalls one of the "genuine Indian scouts" of General Custer. He was a fellow of most singular character, and was known as "Wild Bill," about his sexual life, and the rite anywhere, is regarded in Paris as an important religious blow at dining.

Justice as administered by the courts of England is rigorous, if the offender is poor and friendless. Two reputable laborers stood a hateful each of ours from a field to feed their hungry donkeys, and a magistrate sent them to prison for two months.

Two weeks went beyond their term of service, as "Wild Bill" became a member of Bill's drill theatrical company, and, in compliance with the story of the play, had to kill upon the stage the killing, which, as a result, made him famous. Bill was called to the stage manager.

"I can't kill that man," he said to the manager.

"Why not?" quoth the manager.

"Well," said Bill, tranquilly, "Buffalo skins hang around in the first act, and Mac Douglas, the manager, told me to stand with a revolver in the third set. That's all I had to kill him after all in the fourth act."

Bill was quickly shot by the police.

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